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C A T O. TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operisuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir sortis cum malâ fortuna compositus! Non video, inquam, quid babeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, mibilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.



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MDCCXXXV.

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VERSES

To the Author of the

TRAGEDY of CATO.

While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,
While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the Fond Ambition of a Friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend;
And joins the Applause which all the Learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a persed Work they owe.
To my " light Scenes I once inscrib'd Your Name,
And impotently strove to borrow Fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy Name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a Work of Thine.

Tender Husband, Dedicated to Mr. Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.

CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PORTY OF THE

THO' Cato shines in Virgil's Epic Song,
Prescribing Laws among th' Blysian Throng;
Tho' Lucan's Verse, exalted by his Name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's Fame;

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The Roman Stage did ne'er bis Image see,
Drawn at full Length; a Task reserved for Thee.
By thee we view the finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, asserting Virtue's Cause;
His Fate renew'd our deep Astention draws,
Excites by Turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.

On Tiber's Banks thy Thought was first inspir'd; Twas there, to some indulgent Grove retir'd, Rome's ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind, Thy happy Muse this manly Work design'd; Or in a Dream thou faw'st Rome's Genius stand, And, leading Cato in his facred Hand, Point out th' immortal Subjest of thy Lays, And ask this Labour, to record his Praise. 'Tis done --- the Hero lives, and charms our Age! While nobler Morals grace the British Stage. Great Shakespear's Ghost, the folemn Strain to hear, (Methinks I fee the laurell'd Shade appear!) Will bover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view His Faw rite Brutus rivall'd thus by You. Such Roman Greatness in each Action Shines, Such Roman Eloquence adorn your Lines, That fure the Sibylls Books this Year foretold; And in some mystick Leaf was seen inroll'd,

- Rome, turn thy mournful Eyes from Africk's Shore,
- Nor in her Sands the Cato's Tomb explore!
 - When thrice Six hundred Times the circling Sun
 - . His annual Race shall thro' the Zodiack run,
 - . An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
 - " And ev'ry generous Briton pay a Tear.

J. Hughes.

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ENTACTED STATES

restricted assessment

W HAT do we see! is Cato then become

A greater Name in Britain than in Rome?

Does Mankind now admire his Virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?

How will Posterity this Truth explain?

"Cato begins to live in Anna's Reign:"
The World's great Chiefs in Council or in Arms,
Rise in your Lines with more exalted Charms;
Illustrious Deeds in distant Nations wrought,
And Virtues by departed Heroes taught,
Raise in your Soul a pure immortal Flame,
Adorn your Life, and consecrate your Fame;
To your Renown all Ages you subdue,
And Casas sought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls College, EDWAR

EDWARD YOUNG.

TO MENTE STATE OF THE STATE OF

And raise the Thoughts of a degenerate Age,

To show; how endless Joys from Freedom spring:

How Life in Bondage is a worthless Thing.

The inborn Greatness of your Soul we wiew,

You tread the Paths frequented by the Few.

With so much Strength you write, and so much Ease,

Virtue, and Sense! how durst you hope to please?

Yet Crouds the Sentiments of every Line

Impartial claped, and owned the Work divine.

Ewn the sour Criticks, who malicious came,

Eager to censure, and resolved to blame,

A4

Finding

Finding the Hero regularly rife, Great, while be lives, but greater, when he dies, Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt, And ficken'd with the Pleasures, which they felt. Not fo the Fair their Passions secret kept, Silent they beard, but as they beard, they wept, When glorioufly the blooming MARCUS dy'd, And CATO told the Gods, I'm fatisfy'd.

See! how your Lays the British Youth inflame! They long to shoot, and ripen into Fame. Applauding Theatres disturb their Rest, And unborn CATO's beave in ev'ry Breaft. Their nightly Dreams, their daily Thoughts repeat. And Pulses high with fancy'd Glories beat. So, griew'd to view the Marathonian Spoils, The young THEMISTOCLES vow'd equal Toils; Did then his Schemes of future Honours draws From the long Triumphs which with Tears be faw.

How shall I your unrival'd Worth proclaim, Loft in the Spreading Circle of your Fame ! We fano you the great WILLIAM's Praise rebearse, And paint Britannia's Joys in Roman Verse. We beard at distance soft, enchanting Strains, From blooming Mountains, and Italian Plains. VIRGIL began in English Dress to Spine, His Voice, bis Looks, his Grandeur still Diwine: From him too foon unfriendly you withdrew, But brought the tuneful OVID to our View. Then, the delightful Theme of ev'ry Tongue, Th' immortal MARLB'ROUGH was your daring Song. From Clime to Clime the mighty Victim flow, From Clime to Clime as swiftly you pursue. Still with the Hero's glow'd the Poet's Flame, Still with his Conquests you enlarg'd your Fame. With boundless Raptures bere the Muse cou'd swell, And on your ROSAMOND for over dwell;

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There of ning Sweets, and overy fragrant Flower Luxuriant smile, a never-fading Bow'r. Next, buman Follies kindly to expose, You change from Numbers, but not fink in Profes Whether in vifionary Scenes you Play, Refine our Taftes, or laugh our Crimes away. Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest, The Patriot kindles in the Poet's Breaft. Such Energy of Sense might Pleasure raise, Tho' unembellish'd with the Charms of Phrase: Such Charms of Phrase would with Success be crown'd, The Nonfense flow'd in the melodious Sound. The chastest Virgin needs no Blushes fear, The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, bear. The Libertine, in Pleasures us'd to rout, And idly sport with an immortal Soul, Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught, Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful Thought.

Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's Plains, What fluggish Briton in his Isle remains? When Juba feeks the Tiger with Delight, We beat the Thicket, and provoke the Fight. By the Description warm'd, we fondly fweat, And in the chilling East-Wind pant with Heat. What Eyes behold not, bow the Stream refines, 'Till by Degrees the floating Mirrour shines? While Hurricanes in circling Eddies play, Tear up the Sands, and fweep whole Plains away, We shrink with Horror, and confess our Fear, And all the sudden founding Ruin bear. When purple Robes, distain'd with Blood, deceive, And make poor MARCIA beautifully grieve, When she her secret Thoughts no more conceals, Forgets the Woman, and her Flame reveals, Well may the Prince exult with noble Pride, Not for bis Libyan Crown, but Roman Bride.

But I in wain on single Features dwell,
While all the Parts of the fair Piece excell.
So rich the Store, so dubious is the Feast,
We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining Incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole, new Scenes of Transport call.
Thus Jewellers confound our wand ring Eyes,
And with variety of Gems surprise.
Here Sapphires, here the Sardian Stone is seen,
The Topaz yellow, and the Jasper green.
The costly Brilliant there, confus dly bright,
From num'rous Surfaces dart trembling Light.
The distrent Colours mingling in a Blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In Pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand Ways.

Trinity College, Cambridge. L. EUSDEN.

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And sunk to Softness all our Tragic Rage:
By that alone did Empires fall or rise,
And Fate depended on a Fair One's Eyes:
The sweet Insection, mixt with dang'rous Art,
Debas'd our Manhood, while it sooth'd the Heart.
You scorn to raise a Grief thy self must blame,
Nor from our Weakness steal a wulgar Fame:
A Patriot's Fall may justly melt the Mind,
And Tears slow Nobly, shed for all Mankind.
How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleasure glow!
Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erstow,
When thy firm Hero stands beneath the Weight
Of all his Suff'rings venerably Great;

Rome's

Rome's poor Remains still feels'ring by bis Side, With conscious Virtue, and becoming Pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his Head in Air,
His Sap exhausted, and his Branches hare,
'Midst Storms and Earthquakes he maintains his State,
Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight:
His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherds Aid,
And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.

Amidst the Joys triumphant Peace bestows,
Our Patriots sadden at His glorious Wees,
A while they let the World's great Business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and Sigh for CATO's Fate.
Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to Fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman Flame,
Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
And Kings and Priests without a Blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, searful to engage,
Now sirst pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
Hustes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British Arms, and British Wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us Right)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans Fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious Work to set,
And sondly Triumphs in a Son like Thee.
The Senates, Consuls, and the Gods of Rome,
Like old Acquaintance at their Native Home,
In Thee we find: Each Deed, each Word exprest,
And every Thought that swell da Roman Breast.
We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inspire
With Virgil's Judgment, and with Lucan's Fire;
We know thy Worth, and give us leave to beast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's College Oxon.

Digit Collec

THO. TICKELL,

KENEDAL STREET

SIR,

WHEN your gen'rous Labour first I view'd,
And Cato's Hands in his own Blood imbru'd;
That Scene of Death so terrible appears,
My Soul could only thank you with her Tears.
Yet with such awond rous Art your skilful Hand
Does all the Passions of the Soul command,
That ev'n my Grief to Praise and Wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great Death which first I mourn'd.

What Pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful Strife,
Of Honour struggling with the Love of Life?
Describe the Patriot obstinately good,
As how'ring o'er Eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded Ocean lay before
His piercing Sight, and Heav'n the distant Shore.
Secure of endless Bliss, with searless Eyes,
He grass the Dagger, and its Point desses,
And rushes out of Life to snatch the glorious Prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to bear you tell How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell! Recount his wond'rous Probity and Truth, And form new Juha's in the British Youth. Their gen'rous Souls, when he resigns his Breath, Are pleas'd with Ruin, and in Love with Death; And when her conqu'ring Sword Britannia draws, Resolve to Perish, or defend her Cause.

Now sirst on Albion's Theatre we see, A perfect Image of what Man should be; The glorious Character is now exprest, Of Virtue dwelling in a human Breast, Drawn at full Length by your Immortal Lines, In Cato's Soul, as in her Heav'n, she Shines.

All Souls College, Oxon. DIGBY COTES.

CONTRACTORS

But wilers Soull Cato's Poutle begin or only

Readeds Wellerthe Whote their Flice to

Left with the Printer by an Unknown Hand.

OW we may Speak, since Cato speaks no more: 'Tis Praise at lengto, 'twas Rapture all before ; When crowded Theatres with Ios rung, Sent to the Skies, from whence thy Genius frung: Ev'n Civil Rage a while in thing was loft ; And Factions strove but to appland thee most; Nor could Enjoyment pall our longing Tafte; But ev'ry Night was dearer than the last. As when old Rome, in a malignant Hour Depriv'd of some returning Conqueror, Her Debt of Triumph to the Dead discharg'd, For Fame, for Treasure, and ber Bounds enlarg'd: And while his Godlike Figure mov'd along, Alternate Passions for'd th' adoring Throng; Tears flow'd from ev'ry Eye, and Shouts from ev'ry Tongue. So in thy Pompous Lines bas Cato far'd, Grac'd with an ample, though a late Reward: A greater Vistor, we in bim revere; A nobler Triumph crowns bis Image bene. With Wonder, as with Pleasure, we survey A Theme so scanty wrought into a Play; So vast a Pile on such Foundations plac'd; Like Amon's Temple rear'd on Libya's Waste: Behold its glowing Paint! its easy Weight! Its nice Proportions! and flagendious Height! How chafte the Conduct! how divine the Rage! A Roman Worthy on a Grecian Stage!

But where shall Cato's Praise begin or end; Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend. The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend? How great his Genius, when the Traytor-Croud Ready to Strike the Blow their Fury wow'd; Quell'd by bis Look, and listning to his Lore, Learn like bis Passions, to rebel no more! When, lawish of his boiling Blood, to prove The Cure of flavish Life, and slighted Love, Brave Marcus now in early Death appears, While Cato counts his Wounds, and not his Years; Who, checking private Grief, the Publick mourns, Commands the Pity be fo greatly fcorns. But when he strikes (to crown his generous Part) That bonest, staunch, impracticable Heart; No Tears, no Sobs pursue bis parting Breath; The dying Roman shames the Pomp of Death.

O sacred Freedom, which the Powers bestow
To season Blessings, and to soften Woe;
Plant of our Growth, and Aim of all our Cares,
The Toil of Ages, and the Crown of Wars:
If, taught by thee, thy Poet's Wit has slow'd
In Strains as precious as his Hero's Blood;
Preserve those Strains, an everlasting Charm
To keep that Blood, and thy Remembrance warm:
Be this thy Guardian Image still secure,
In vain shall Force invade, or Fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its Part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British Heart.





THE Mind to Virtue is by Verfe fubdu'd;

And the True Poet is a Publick Good.

This Britain feels, while, by your Lines inspir'd,
Her Free-born Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd.

In Rome had you espous'd the wanquish'd Cause,
Instam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws;

Your manly Scenes had Liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just Success to Cato's Saword:

O'er Cæsar's Arms your Genius had prevail'd;
And the Muse triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AM. PHILIPS.

Leastly worstered the Control

to make blackers or confront forthe cold,

And the or French of Spillar & Secretary and took

And and Borto Rousen Dress Alvandrich Ever.

And recover world Phicking Many World of Sections of these

From the Part Plane of the Andre Co.

Ne double Charles con Shift Regards.



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PROLOGUE.

By Mr. POPE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

O wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art To raife the Genius, and to mend the Heart, To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold, Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold: For this the Tragic-Mufe first trod the Stage, Commanding Tears to fream thro' every Age; Tyrants no more their Sawage Nature kept, And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept. Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love; In pitying Love we but our Weakness show, And wild Ambition well deferves its Woe. Here Tears shall flow for a more gen rous Cause, Such Tears as Patriots fled for dying Laws: He bids your Breafts with Ancient Ardour rife, And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes. Virtue confess'd in human Shape be draws. What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was: No common Object to your Sight displays, But what with Pleasure Heav'n it felf surveys; A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate, And greatly falling with a fulling State!

PROLOGUE.

While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom heats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ou'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Casax 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently Great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State,
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd——Tears gust'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Casas's less than Cato's Sword.

Britons attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd,
With bonest Sourn the first sam'd Cato view'd.
Rome learning Arts from Greece, when she subdu'd:
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense your selves; Affert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to bear.



Drama.

Marcia, Dangben to Cato.

of Caro given the have been theres. gethe bears him groun, and due not eville to live ?

PROLOCUE

Rolk Wolm York & Carla 'mith gring plan Carla Dramatis Personæ.

Street Rene his Cately Prove thesen in State,

As beer dand Enther's revolved lange gall.

The Triumph ceards.

The Pomp own darken in B M Day a soraft,

Mr. Booth. CATO. Lucius, a Senator. Mr. Keen. Sempronius, a Senator. Mr. Mills. Juba, Prince of Numidia. Mr. Wilks. Syphax, General of the Numi- 3 Mr. Cibber. dians. Mr. Powell. Portius. Sons of Cato. Mr. Rian. Marcus, Mr. Bowman Decius, Ambassador from Cafar. Our Scene preceriosis

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

Tright solden eine with the best with a till Such Plays about froid play? A Baldli Lat.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Oldfield. Marcia, Daughter to Cato. Mrs. Porter. Lucia, Daughter to Lucius.

Deams

SCENE, A Large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

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CATO.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus. Legen des All.

PORTIUS.



HE Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low'rs.

And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day. The great, th' important Day, big with the Fate,

Of Cate and of Rome Our Father's

Death

Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Already Caesar
Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battles, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steddy Temper, Portius, Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and Cafar, In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortured, even to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor: ev'ry time he's named
Pharfalia rises to my View!——I see.
Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with Rome's Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horse's Hooss wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man.
Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, tis an impious Greatness, And mixt with too much Horror to be envy'd: How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions, Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him, Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness! His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him, Greatly unfortunate, he sights the Cause Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome. His Sword ne'er sell but on the Guilty Head: Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd, Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cate do Against a World, a base degen'rate World,
That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to Casar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor Epitome of Roman Greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian Guards, directs
A seeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battles fought in vain.
By Heav'ns, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us: The Ways of Heav'n are drak and intricate; Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors;

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Our Understanding traces 'em in vain, Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search; Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run, Nor where the Regular Confusion ends.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the Griefs
That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly.
Fassion unpity'd, and successes Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!

Por. Thou feeft not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [Afide

Now, Marcus, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof:
Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
Wou'd be a Conquest worthy Case's Son.

Marc. Portius, the Counsel which I cannot take, Instead of Healing, but upbraids my Weakness. Bid me for Honour plunge into a War Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death, Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow To follow Glory, and confess his Father. Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness; 'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul, Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse, I seel it here: My Resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince! With how much Care he forms himself to Glory, And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper To copy out our Father's bright Example. He loves our Sister Marcia, greatly loves her, His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it: But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.

When

When most it swells, and labours for a Vent,
The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's Heir
Reproach great Cato's Son, and shew the World
A Virtue wanting in a Roman Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings behind 'em.

When-e'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour!

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous Temper well;
Fling but th'Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It straight takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes

Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in Tears?

Were but my Heart as naked to thy view,

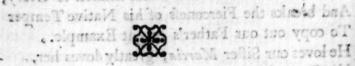
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead

Por. O Marcus, did I know the Way to ease Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains, Marcus, believe me, I cou'd die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of

Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions:—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this Sostness hanging on me. [Exis.



With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,

His Lye, his Looks, bis Actions on bearing it:

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SCENE IL

Enter Sempronius.

Semp. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd

Than executed. What means Portius here?

I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,

And speak a Language foreign to my Heart. [Aside.

Sempronius, Portius.

Good Morrow, Portius! let us once embrace, Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free. To-morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship, Each might receive a Slave into his Arms: This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last, That e'er shall rife on Roman Liberty:

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together To this poor Hall his little Roman Senate, (The Leavings of Pharfalia) to confult If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent That bears down Rome, and all her Gods, before it, Or must at length give up the World to Casfar.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of Rome
Can raise her Senate more than Caso's Presence.
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n Casar tremble at the Head
Of Armies slush'd with Conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,
Wou'd but thy Sister Marcia be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows, I might be bless'd indeed?

Por. Alas! Sempronius, wou'dst thou talk of Love To Marcia, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger?

Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal, When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my

Portius!

The World has all its Eyes on Cato's Son.

Thy Father's Merit fets thee up to View,

And shews thee in the fairest Point of Light,

To make thy Virtues, or thy Faults, conspicuous.

Par. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour—I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate to weigh the Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldiers drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life:
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouze up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [Exit.
Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he Ape's his Sire?

Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian Genius
Is well dispos'd to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quick'ned to the Course.
—Cato has us'd me ill; he has resused
His Daughter Marcia to my ardent Vows:
Besides, his bassl'd Arms and ruin'd Cause
Are Bars to my Ambition. Casar's Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To Rome's first Honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

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SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph .- CEmpronius, all is ready,

I've founded my Numidians, Man by Man,

And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all

Complain aloud of Cato's Discipline,

And wait but the Command to change their Malter.

Ev'n while we speak our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cafar's active Soul,
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War: In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his March;
The Alpes and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through Winds and Waves, and Storms he took his Way,
Impatient for the Battle, one Day more
Will set the Victor thund'ring at our Gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cafar,
And challenge better Terms.

Syph. Alas! he's loft,

He's loft, Sempronius; all his Thoughts are full

Of Cato's Virtues — But I'll try once more

(For ev'ry Inftant I expect him here)

If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles

Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,

That have corrupted his Numidian Temper,

And struck th'Insection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be fure to press upon him ev'ry Motive, Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death.

Would give up Afric into Cafar's Hands, And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Sypb. But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious! Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my Country,
And mouth at Cæsar 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrify's a stale Device,
A worn out Trick: Wouldst thou be thought in Earness?

Clothe thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In treth, thou'rt able to instruct Gray-hairs.

And teach the wily African Deceit!

Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman Soldiers,
Instame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in Haste:
O think what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last satal Periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design.

[Exit.

Syphax folus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
This head-strong Youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The Time is short, Casar comes rushing on us
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

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SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. S Yphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy Cares and Discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts, Or carry Smiles and Sunshine in my Face, When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart. I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World? Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before them, And own the Force of their superior Virtue? Is there a Nation in the Wilds of Afric, Amidst our barren Rocks, and burning Sands, That does not tremble at the Roman Name?

Sypb. Gods! where's the Worth that fets this People up Above your own Numidia's tawny Sons?

Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?

Or flies the Jav'lin Swifter to its Mark,

Lanch'd from the Vigour of a Roman Arm!

Who like our active African instructs

The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?

Or guides in Troops th' embattled Elephant,

Loaden with War? These, these are Arts, my Prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These are all Virtues of a meaner Rank, reflections that are plac'd in Bones and Nerves.

Roman Soul is bent on higher Views:

To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
And lay it under the Restraint of Laws;
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib ral Arts;
The Embellishments of Life: Virtues like these,
Make Human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
And break our sierce Barbarians into Men. [Warmth

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What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
This Roman Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
That render Man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
To set our Looks at variance with our Thoughts,
To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
In short, to change us into other Creatures,
Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to Catal There may st thou see to what a Godlike Height The Roman Virtues list, up mortal Man. While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends, He's still severely bent against himself; Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease, He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat, And when his Fortune sets before him all The Pomps and Pleasures that his Soul can wish, His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an African That traverses our vast Numidian Desarts
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he stakes his Thirst,
Toils all the Day, and at the approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,

Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn: Then rises fresh, pursues his wented Game, And if the following Day he chance to find A new Repast, or an untasted Spring, Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others could with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures, and the Baits of Sense;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his Suff'rings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul: I think the Romans call it Stoicism.

Had not your Royal Father thought so highly

Of Roman Virtue, and of Cato's Cause,

He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand, inglorious: Nor would his flaughter'd Army now have lain On Africk's Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds, To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my Sorrows up afresh? My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Sytb. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's Ills!

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Sypb. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an Orphan By such a Loss.

Sypb. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you? You long to call him Father. Marcia's Charms Work in your Heart unfeen, and plead for Cato. No wonder you are deaf to all I fay.

Jub. Syphax, your Zeal becomes Importunate;

I've hitherto permitted it to rave, And talk at large; but learn to keep it in, Lest it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never us'd me thus. Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature, The fond Embraces, and repeated Bleffings, Which you drew from him in your last Farewel? Still must I cherish the dear, sad, Remembrance, At once to torture, and to please my Soul. The good old King at parting wrung my Hand, (His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then fighing cry'd, Pr'ythee be careful of my Son !-- his Grief Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul. That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge The Gratitude and Duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his Councils in your Heart.

Jub. His Councils bad me yield to thy Directions: Then, Syphax, chide me in severest Terms, Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its Shock, Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea, When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Fub. I do believe thou wou'dst: but tell me how? Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows Cafar's Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths, Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather fay your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper, Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame, I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its Force:

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Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of Zama's Royal Court
Have Faces slusht with more exalted Charms;
The Sun that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire.
Beauty foon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms,
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,

With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. Cato's Soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise!

But on my Knees I beg you wou'd confider -

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she! —— She moves this Way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair Daughter.

My Heart beats thick-I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!

Now will this Woman with a single Glance

Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.

And fire their hungrid Souls with Cards Vartee.

If e'er I lord them to the Field, when all

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Juba, Marcia, Lucia. com que solvo W

Jub H AIL, charming Maid! how does thy Beauty fmooth

The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror finile!

At fight of Thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;

I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,

And for a while forget th' Approach of Casar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young Prince, to think my

Unbent your Thoughts, and flacken'd 'em to Arms,
While warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battle!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Mar. My Pray'rs and Wishes always shall attend The Friends of Rome, the glorious Cause of Virtue, And Men approv'd of by the Gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve the pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Persections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My Father never at a Time like this of Mar. Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste Such precious Moments.

Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with Cato's Virtue.

If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all

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The War shall stand rang'd in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on thee!
And in the Shock of charging Hosts, remember
What glorious Deeds should grace the Man, who hopes
For Marcia's Love.

[Exit.

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SCENE VI.

Lucia, Marcia.

Luc. MARCIA, you're too fevere:

How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd Prince,

And drive him from you with fo stern an Air, A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me. His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul Speak all so movingly in his Behalf, I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms?

Mar. How, Lucia, wou'dst thou have me fink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,
When ev'ry Moment Cato's Life's at Stake?
Casar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:
Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind, Who have so many Griefs to try its Force? Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould, Enseebled all my Soul with tender Passions, And sunk me ev'n below mine own weak Sex: Pity, and Love, by turns oppress my Heart.

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Mar.

Mar. Lucia, disburden all thy Cares on me, And let me share thy most retired Distress; Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell the They're Marcia's Brothers, and the Sons of Cato.

Marc. They both beheld thee with their Sifter's Eyes: And often have reveal'd their Passion to me. But tell me, whose Address thou fav'rest most?

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it. Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Marc. For neither-

And yet for both The Youths have equal Share In Marcia's Wishes, and divide their Sister: But tell me which of them is Lucia's Choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my Esteem, But in my Love-Why wilt thou make me name him? Thou know'ft it is a blind and foolish Passion,

Pleas'd and difgusted with it knows not what-

Marc. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which I must hereafter call my happy Brother? Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, cou'd you blame my Choice! O Portius, thou haft ftol'n away my Soul! With what a graceful Tenderness he loves! And breathes the foftest, the fincerest Vows! Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness Dwell ever on his Tongue, and fmooth his Thoughts.

Marcus is overwarm; his fond Complaints Have to much Earnestness and Passion in them, I hear him with a fecret kind of Horror, And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Marc. Alas poor Youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee; Whene'er he fpeaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames, He fends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word, And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

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Unhappy Youth! How will thy Coldness raise Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom! I dread the Consequence.

Luc. You feem to plead Against your Brother Portius. Mar. Heav'n forbid!

Had Portius been the unsuccessful Lover The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distrest like mine!

Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,

As if he mourn'd his Rival's Ill Success,

Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,

Nor shew which way it turns. So much he sears

The sad Effects, that it wou'd have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how eafily he's fired, And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair. But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myself involved.
In endless Griess and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's Family,
And sow Dissention in the Hearts of Brothers,
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Marc. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th'Event of Things.
Our Lives discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Streams, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by Degrees the floating Mirrour shines,
Restects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its sair Bosom shews. [Exeunt.

The End of the First ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

Luc. Was over Virgin Love date of file were!



O M E still survives in this affembled Se-

Portion baca the animete

Let us remember we are Cato's Friends,
And act like Men who claim that glorious
Title.

Th'Occasion of our Meeting. Hark! he comes!

[A Sound of Trumpets.

May all the Guardian Gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato. The SHELL WAS BEA

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council. Cæfar's Approach has fummon'd us together, And Rome attends her Fate from our Refolves: How shall we treat this bold afpiring Man? Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes: Pharfalia gave him Rome, Egypt has fince Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole Nile is Cafar's Why should I mention Juba's Overthrow, And Scipio's Death? Numidia's burning Sands Still fmoke with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us, And envies us ev'n Libya's fultry Defarts. Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt To hold it out, and fight it to the last? Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought By By Time and ill Success to a Submission?

Semp. My Voice is still for War. Sologona del sil Gods, can a Roman Senate long debate medical of said all Which of the two to chuse, Slav'ry or Death ! No, let us rife at once, gird on our Swords, soo od T And at the Head of our remaining Troops, and the Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him. Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest, May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage. Rife, Fathers, rife! 'tis Rome demands your Help; Rife, and revenge her flaughter'd Citizens, Or share their Fate! The Corps of half her Senate Manure the Fields of Theffaly, while we Sit here delib'rating in cold Debates, If we should facrifice our Lives to Honour, and bala Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains. Rouse up for Shame ! our Brothers of Pharsalia Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud-To Battle! Great Pompey's Shade complains that we are flow, And Scipio's Ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:
True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
All else is towring Frenzy and Distraction,
Are not the Lives of those who draw the Sword
In Rome's Desence entrusted to our Care?
Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
Might not th'impartial World with Reason say,
We lavish'd at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands,
To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next wou'd know what's your Opinion.
Luc. My Thoughts I must confess are turn'd on Peace.

Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World

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With Widows and with Orphans: Scythia mourns Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of Rome: 'Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind. It is not Cafar, but the Gods, my Fathers, The Gods declare against us, and repell Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battle, (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair) Were to refuse th'Awards of Providence, And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination, Already have we shewn our Love to Rome; Now let us shew Submission to the Gods. We took up Arms, not to revenge our felves, But free the Commonwealth; when this End fails, Arms have no further Use: Our Country's Cause, That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our Hands; And bids us not delight in Roman Blood, Unprofitably shed; what Men could do Is done already: Heav'n and Earth will witness, If Rome must fall, that we are Innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse and mild Behaviour oft Conceal a Traytor —— Something whispers me All is not right —— Cato, beware of Lucius.

[Afide to Cato.

Cato. Let us appear not Rash nor Dissident;
Immod'rate Valour swells into a Fault;
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate, we have Bulwarks round us;
Within our Walls are Troops enured to Toil
In Africk's Heats, and season'd to the Sun;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods;
But wait at least 'till Casar's near Approach

Force

Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late'
To fue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a Moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out.
In its full Length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's Judgment,
A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment, as I watch'd the Gates Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arrived From Cæsar's Camp, and with him comes old Decius, The Roman Knight; he carries in his Looks Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cate. By your Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast to Casar.
His Message may determine our Resolves.

CHURCH THE CORP. ICE

SCENE II.

Decius, Cato.

Dec. CASAR fends Health to Cato.

Cato. Cou'd he fend it

To Cato's flaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your Orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My Business is with Cato; Casar sees

The Straights, to which you're driv'n; and, as he knows

Cato's high Worth, is anxious for your Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fates of Rome:

Wou'd

Wou'd he fave Cato? Bid him spare his Country, Tell your Dictator this, and tell him, Cato Disdains a Life, which he has Power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her Senators fubmit to Cæfar; Her Gen'rals and her Confuls are no more, Who check'd his Conquests, and deny'd his Triumphs. Why will not Cato be this Cafar's Friend?

Cato. Those very Reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've Orders to expostulate,

And Reason with you, as from Friend to Friend: Think on the Storm that gathers o'er your Head; And threatens ev'ry Hour to burst upon it; Still may you fland high in your Country's Honours, Do but comply, and make your Peace with Calar. Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on Cato. As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. Cafar is well acquainted with your Virtues, And therefore fets this Value on your Life: Let him but know the Price of Cato's Friendship, And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions, Restore the Commonwealth to Liberty, Submit his Actions to the publick Censure, And stand the Judgment of a Roman Senate. Bid him do this, and Cato is his Friend.

Dec. Cato, the World talks loudly of your Wildom-Cate. Nay more, tho' Cate's Voice was ne'er employ'd To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes, My felf will mount the Rostrum in his Favour, And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile, like this, becomes a Conqueror. Cato. Decius, a Stile, like this, becomes a Roman. Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cafar's Foe?

Cato. Greater than Cafar: he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec.

I

Dec. Confider, Cato, you're in Utica, And at the Head of your own little Senate; You don't now thunder in the Capitol, With all the Mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him confider That, who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæfar's Sword has made Rome's Senate Little,
And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Beholds this Man in a false Glaring Light,
Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Missortunes;
But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Do's Cato fend this Answer back to Casar, For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cate. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous Man! The Gods take care of Cate.
Wou'd Cæsar shew the Greatness of his Soul!
Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
By sheltring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart makes you forget. You are a Man. You rush on your Destruction. But I have done. When I relate hereaster. The Tale of this unhappy Embassy, All Rome will be in Tears.

[Exit Decius.

CACITICA SECUEDADO

SCENE III.

Sempronius, Lucius, Cato.

Sem. CATO we thank thee.

The mighty Genius of Immortal Rome

Speaks

Speaks in thy Voice, thy Soul breathes Liberty: Cafar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st, And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns its Gratitude to Cato,
Who with fo great a Soul confults its Safety,
And guards our Lives, while he neglects his own.

Semp. Sempronius gives no Thanks on this Account. Lucius seems fond of Lise; but what is Lise? 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun; 'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone, Lise grows insipid, and has lost its Relish. O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword In Casar's Bosom, and revenge my Country, By Heav'ns I could enjoy the Pangs of Death, And smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps.

May ferve their Country with as warm a Zeal, Tho' 'tis not kindled into fo much Rage.

Semp. This Sober Conduct is a mighty Virtue

In lukewarm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more Sempronius.

All here are Friends to Rome, and to each other.

Let us not weaken still the weaker Side,

By our Divisions.

Semp. Cato, my Refentments

Are facrific'd to Rome......I stand reproved.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your Opinion.
Cafar's Behaviour has convinc'd the Senate

We ought to hold it out 'till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till Death; but, Cato,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rife, my Friends, and strive to fill This little Interval, this Paule of Life, (While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)

With

With Resolution, Friendship, Roman Bravery, And all the Virtues we can crowd into it; That Heav'n may fay it ought to be prolong'd. Fathers, farewel-The young Numidian Prince Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[Exeunt Senators.



SCENE IV.

Cato, Juba.

Cato. UBA, the Roman Senate has refolv'd, "Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on Cafar. Jub. The Resolution fits a Roman Senate.

But, Cato, lend me for a while thy Patience, And condescend to hear a young Man speak.

My Father, when some Days before his Death He order'd me to march for Utica (Alas, I thought not then his Death fo near!) Wept o'er me, prest me in his Aged Arms, And, as his Griefs gave Way, my Son, faid he, Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father, Be Cato's Friend; he'll train thee up to Great And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well, Thoul't Shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to Bear 'em.

Cato, Juba, thy Father was a worthy Prince, And merited, alas! a better Fate; But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Jub. My Father's Fate.

In spite of all the Fortitude, that shines Before my Face, in Cato's great Example, Subdues my Soul, and fills my Eyes with Tears: Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub.

Jub. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes: The Kings of Africk fought him for their Friend; Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame reports, Behind the hidden Sources of the Nile, In diffant Worlds, on t'other fide the Sun: Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd, Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness! Jub. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father, But point out new Alliances to Cato. Had we not better leave this Utica, To arm Numidia in our Cause, and court 'Th' Affiftance of my Father's pow'rful Friends? Did they know Cato, our remotest Kings 11 1000 Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him; Their fwarthy Hofts wou'd Darken all our Plains, Doubling the native Horror of the War, And making Death more grim.

Cato. And can'ft thou think Cate will fly before the Sword of Cafar! Reduc'd like Hannibal to feek Relief From Court to Court, and wander up and down,

Jub. Cato, perhaps

000

I'm too officious, but my forward Cares Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value: My Heart is wounded, when I fee fuch Virtue Afflicted by the Weight of fuch Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me. But know, young Prince, that Valour foars above What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction. These are not Ills; else wou'd they never fall On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men: The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us, That give Mankind occasion to exert Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice

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Had hift now !

Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd

In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ft! I pant for Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings. Abstinence, and Toil.

Laborious Virtues all! Learn them from Cato: Success and Fortune must thou learn from Casar.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on Juba. The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires, Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba fay?

Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.

Give'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing. Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not my Ear The weakness of my Soul, my

A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Still let me hide them. The said bloom I , to day

Cato. What can Juba ask

That Cato will refuse!

a Syle. Alas, my Prince, how Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia- :- inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dft thou fay?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a Daughter. polo and bis wolf

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a Word

Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember and a n'vil

The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n

Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts: 10 Land agreed 10

It is not now a Time to talk of aught spinned and savis

But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [Extr. Syst. How wealt-he old King finite .!

To see you weigh the Pane, when tiep'd with Cold,

SOLD THE THE PARTY OF THE

SCENE V.

Syphax, Juba.

Syph. HOW's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with Confusion?

You look as if yon ftern Philosopher Had just now Chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind. Yub. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my Soul, my Love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper Person to intrust

A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,

My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like Juba!

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of lated I've known young Juba rife before the Sun, To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept, Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts: How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks, When first you rous'd him to the Chase! I've seen you, Ev'n in the Libyan Dog-days, hunt him down, Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more!

Syph. How would the old King smile
To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd

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In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness. Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia's lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice,

Marcia might still be Yours.

Jub. What fay'ft thou, Syphax?

By Heav'ns thou turn'ft me all into Attention.

Syph. Marcia might still be Yours.

Jub. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy Troops, Mounted on Steeds, unus'd to the Restraint Of Curbs or Bits, and sleeter than the Winds: Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up, And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man; wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that would destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk Honour's a fine imaginary Notion, That draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men

To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into a Russian!

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Russians.

This dread of Nations, this Almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was sounded on a Rape.

Your Scipio's, Cassar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's,
(These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary Head of thine Abounds too much in our Numidian Wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the World, You have not read Mankind, your Youth admires 'The Throws and Swellings of a Roman Soul, Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man perfidious, May May Juba ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're Young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear

This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,

A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Afide. Fub. Cato shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

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Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [Aside. Young Prince, behold these Locks that are grown white Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battles.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Insirmity of Age,

Throw down the Merit of my better Years?

This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!

---Curse on the Boy! how steadily he hears me! [Aside.

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's Crown Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall inclose, Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syp. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions? Does not old Syphax follow you to War? What are his Aims? Why does he load with Darts His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to? Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains, His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk. Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to Juba, My Royal Master's Son, is call'd in question? My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb: But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue, And languish out Old-age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart, I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd To do an Action which my Soul abhors, And gain you whom you love at any Price. Jub.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I have been too hafty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

Syp. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.

Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to Cato?

That Syphax loves you, and wou'd facrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed,
Thy Zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a facred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where she is not:

It ought not to be sported with.

Sypb. By Heav'ns
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties, that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thy self.

Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations

For Breach of publick Vows. Our Punick Faith

Is Infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away

Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old Syphax weep. To hear you talk---but 'tis with Tears of Joy.

If e'er your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,

Numidia will be bleft by Gato's Lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget.
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age:
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person. A

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If e'er the Scepter comes into my Hand, Syphan shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

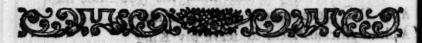
Sypb. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?

My Joy grows burdenfome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewel. I'll hence, and try to find Some blest Occasion that may set me right In Cato's Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers. [Ex.

Syphax folus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts;
Old Age is slow in both — A salse old Traitor!
Those words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My Heart had still some soolish Fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:
Casar, I'm wholly Thine



SCENE VI.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. A L L hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's Senate is refolv'd to wait

The Fury of a Siege, before it yields.

Semp. Syphax, we both were on the Verge of Fate: Lucius declar'd for Peace, and Terms were offer'd To Cato by a Messenger from Cæsar.

Shou'd they submit, e'er our Designs are ripe, We both must perish in the common Wreck, Lost in a gen'ral Undistinguisht Ruin.

Syph. But how stands Cate?

Semp. Thou hast feen Mount Aslas:
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,

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It ftands unmov'd, and glories in its Height. Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul, 'Midft all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune, Rifes fuperior, and looks down on Gastas, and of the land

Syph. But what's this Messenger? Semp. I've practis'd with him,

And found a Means to let the Victor know That Syphax and Sempronius are his Priends.

But let me now examine in my Turn : all discould local w Is Juba fixed enitly alody grown has chard added to

Syph. Yes, but it is to Carolavar I and an and I I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him, Sooth'd and cares'd, been angry, footh'd again, Lay'd Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight, But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we shall do without him. He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph, And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot. Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forfook Thy Juba's Cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Sybb. May she be thine as fast as thou wou'dst have her! Semp. Syphax, I love that Woman; tho' I curse

Her and my felf, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make Cato fure, and give up Utica. Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Triffe. But are thy Troops prepar'd for a Revolt? Does the Sedition Catch from Man to Man, And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready,

The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers. They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues, Unusual Fattings, and will bear no more This Medley of Philosophy and War. Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my Numidian Troops
Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every Side.
So, where our wide Numidian Wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprize,
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Second ACT.

Set. May the beringer as fell exthen won'd he we have

Search. Come, 'es no-Mateurs, westhall to withing hims

He'll make a pretty Higure in a Triumeh.

Thy Tulw's Caule, and withelt Margia mine,



They count their collions Marches, long Patience,

Use hall Fullings, and will beginne more see

Ton A stour they'll form the Semest Louis.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus and Portius.

MARCUS.

HANKS to my Stars I have not rang'd about

The Wilds of Life, e'er I cou'd find a Friend;

Nature first pointed out my Portius to me. And early taught me, by her secret Force,

To love thy Person e'er I knew thy Merit; 'Till what was instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Port. Marcus, the Friendships of the World are oft Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure; Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,

And fuch a Friendship ends not but with Life.

Mar. Portius thou know'st my Soul in all its Weakness, Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender Side, Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Por. When Love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a Fault tolove. The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise Sink in the soft Captivity together.

I wou'd not urge thee to difmiss thy Passion, (I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force, 'Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Mar. Alas! Thou talk'st like one who never selt.
Th' impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant Good,

A Lover

Ca

A Lover does not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's Absence
Lise hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,
I'm ten-times more undone; while Hope and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee Help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy's the Fair One's Presence,
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languishes to Death,
And sades away, and withers in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and lothes his Food,
That Youth, and Health and War are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments that thou sees me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an Office, That fuits with me so ill. Thou know's my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me finking in my Woes?

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,

To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows?

Per. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.

But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
That Cato's great Example and Missortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my Soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Por. What shou'd I do! If I disclose my Passion
Our Friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me salse to a Friend and Brother.

[Afide. Marc. 7

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour, Amid the cool of you high Marble Arch, Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her, Portius! That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of Beauty! Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Por. She fees us and advances Marc. I'll withdraw,

And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue. [Exit.



SCENE II.

Lucia, Portius.

Luc. D I D not I see your Brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?

Port. Oh, Lucia, Language is too faint to shew
His Rage of Love; it preys upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His Passions and his Virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite dissigur'd in him.
Heav'ns! wou'd one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, Lucia, I am distress'd! my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock Of Love and Friendship! think betimes, my Portius, Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure Our mutual Bliss, wou'd raise to such a Height Thy Brother's Griess, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what dost thou think, my

His gen'rous, open, undesigning Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us—

Luc. No, Portius, no! I fee thy Sifter's Tears, Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death, In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.

And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear, To Heav'n and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind, Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine, While such a Cloud of Mischies hangs about us.

But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out

From all my Thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck———
Recall

Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips? The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n. May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me if I break it!

[After a Pause.

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Por. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee; Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n, Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive, In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part, I feel the Woman breaking in upon me, And melt about my Heart? my Tears will flow. But oh I'll think no more! the Hand of Fate Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid! Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,

Those killing Sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?

My

My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave, And Life it felf goes out at thy Displeasure. The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves, But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate and live!

Por. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force. I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of sancied Bliss. O Lucia, cruel Maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sounds
In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee!——Ha, she faints!!
Wretch that I am! what has my Rashness done?

Lucia thou injur'd Innocence! thou best
And lovely'st of thy Sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his Sword to join thee.
——Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death———
But Hah! She moves! Life wanders up and down

That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd!

What do I say? my half-recover'd Sense Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound. Destruction stands betwixt us! We must part.

Por. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back.

And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What wou'dst thou have me do? Consider well! The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it. Think, Portius, think thou seess thy dying Brother Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood, Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire Sternly demands the Cause, th' accursed Cause, That jobs him of his Son! poor Marcia trembles,

Then:

Then tears her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs Calls out on Lucia! what cou'd Lucia answer? Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow?

Por. To my Confusion, and Eternal Grief, I must approve the Sentence that destroys me: The Mist that hung about my Mind, clears up; And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair, More amiable, and rifest in thy Charms. Lovely'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul, Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee, Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

Luc. Portius, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my Heart.

Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love. Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes? Why heaves thy Heart? why swells thy Soul with Sorrow? It fofiens me too much—Farewel, my Portius, Farewel, tho' Death is in the Word; For-ever!

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou fay? For-ever? Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy Success Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewel, Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Por. Thus o'er the dying Lampth' unfleady Flame Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits, And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold, Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee. And can't get loofe.

Luc. If the firm Portius shake To hear of Parting, think what Lucia suffers! Por. 'Tis true; unruffl'd and serene I've met The common Accidents of Life, but here Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills falls on me, It beats down all my Strength. I cannot bear it. We must not part.

Luc. What doft thou fay? Not part?

Haft

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Haft thou forgot the Vow that I have made? Are there not Heav'ns and Gods, and Thunder, o'er us! -But fee, thy Brother Marcus bends this Way! I ficken at the Sight. Once more, Farewel, Farewel, and know thou wrong'ft me, if thou think'ft Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine.



SCENE III.

Marcus, Portius.

Mare. To Ortius, what Hopes? how flands She? Am I doom'd ins atthe lindque Veren this

To Life or Death?

Por. What woud'ft thou have me fay?

Marc. What means this penfive Posture? thou appear's Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've Reason.

?

Mar. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd Thoughts Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success My Cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What? do's the barbarous Maid infult my Heart, My aking Heart! and triumph in my Pains? That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Por. Away! you're too suspicious in your Griefs; Lucia, though fworn never to think of Love! Compaffionates your Pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my Pains, and pities me ! What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love! Fool that I was to choose so cold a Friend To urge my Cause! Compassionates my Pains! Pr'ythee what Art, what Rhet'rick did'st thou use To gain this mighty Boon? She pities me!

To

OI

To one that asks the warm Returns of Love,

Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death -

Port, Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?
Marc. What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out

With ev'ry Thing, its Friend, its felf—But hah! What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War? What new Alarm?

Por. A fecond, louder yet,

Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy Disdain

Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's Life Stand fure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my Heart Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [Exit.]

Feed mercropances

SCENE IV.

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Semp. AT length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows high,

Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up, In its full Fury, and direct it right, 'Till it has spent it self on Cato's Head.

Mean-while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem One of the Number, that whate'er arrive.

My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe. [Exit.]

Lead. We all are safe, Sempronius is our Friend, Sempronius is as brave a Man as Cato.

But hark! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him; Be sure you beat him down, and bind him sast.

This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest!

Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our Friend.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus, Cato. YITHERE are these bold intrepid Sons of War. That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,

And to their General fend a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand afto. nish'd.

Cato: Perfidious Men! and will you thus dishonour Your past Exploits, and fully all your Wars? Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for Rome, Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour, Drew you thus far; but Hopes to share the Spoil: Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces? Fired with fuch Motives you do well to join With Cato's Foes, and follow Cafar's Banners. Why did I 'scape th'envenom'd Aspic's Rage, And all the fiery Monsters of the Defart, To fee this Day? Why cou'd not Cato fall Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men, Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords, And let the Man that's injur'd firike the Blow, Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd, Or thinks he fuffers greater Ills than Cato? Am I diftinguish'd from you but by Toils, Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares ! Painful Preeminence!

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop! Confusion to the Villains! All is loft. [Afide.

Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning Waste, Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand, Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?

Who

Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path, When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step? Or, fainting in the long laborious March, When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream You funk the River with repeated Draughts, Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd, Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry, And offer'd the full Helmet up to Cato, Did he not dash th' untasted Moisture from him? Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun, And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless Men! Hence! and complain to Cafar

You could not undergo the Toils of War, Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, fee th' unhappy Men! they weep!
Fear, and Remorfe, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,

And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. Cato, commit these Wretches to my Care.

First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remains, impaled and lest
To writhe at Leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traytors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate.

Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dst thou clear Rebellion!

Lucius (good Man) pities the poor Offenders

That wou'd imbrue their Hands in Cate's Blood.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius! See they fuffer Death.

But in their Deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenrate Age requires
Severity, and Justice in its Rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws.
When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th' uplisted Thunder-bolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.
Cato. Mean-while we'll facrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,

Offer it never perish in your Hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,
Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Desence.

[Exeunt Cato, &c.

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SCENE VI.

Sempronius and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1 Lead. S Empronius, you have acted like your felf, One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling worthless Wretches,

Mongrels in Fathien, poor faint-hearted Traytore!

2 Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, Semprenius:
Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds, They're thrown neglected by: But if it fails, They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do. Here, take these Factious Monsters, drag'em forth To sudden Death.

Enter Guards.

Lest with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with their Leaders.



SCENE VII.

Syphax and Sempronius.

Sypb. OUR first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive; Still there remains an After-game to play:

My Troops are mounted; their Numidian Steeds

Snuff up the Wind, and long to scour the Desart:

Let but Sempronius head us in our Flight,

We'll force the Gate where Marcus keeps his Guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.

A Day will bring us into Cæsar's Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose.

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Syph. How? will Sempronius turn a Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the fost!

Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.

Syphax, I long to class that haughty Maid,

And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion:

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph.

Syph. Well faid! that's spoken like thy self, Sempronius. What hinders then, but that you find her out, And hurry her away by manly Force?

Semp. But how to gain Admission? For Access Is given to none but Juba, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's Dress, and Juba's Guards: The Doors will open, when Numidia's Prince Seems to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns what a Thought is there! Marcia's my own!

How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
So Pluto seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his Sun-shine and his Skies.

The End of the Third ACT.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and Marcia.

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OW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy Soul If thou believ'ft 'tis possible for Woman To suffer greater Ills than Lucia suffers ? Marc. O Lucia, Lucia, might my bigfwo!n Heart

Vent all its Grief, and give a Loofe to Sorrow: Marcia cou'd answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd By Juba, and thy Father's Friend Sempronius; But which of these has Power to charm like Portius!

Marc. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius; Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man; Tuba to all the Brav'ry of a Hero Adds fostest Love, and more than Female Sweetness; Juba might make the proudest of our Sex, Any of Woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain To hide your Thoughts from one, who knows too well The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While Cato lives, his Daughter has no Right To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to Sempronius! Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he shou'd----Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I fuffer Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?

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I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this Way!

Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger.

When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts

(In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)

The Woman that deliberates is lest.

[Exeunt.



SCENE II.

Enter Sempronius, dress'd like Juba, with Numidian.

Semp. THE Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Covert.

Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
Let not her Cries or Tears have force to move you.

How will the young Numidian rave to see
His Mistress lost? if aught cou'd glad my Soul,
Beyond the Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
'Twou'd be to Torture that young gay Barbarian.

But hark, what Noise! Death to my Hopes! 'tis he.
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one Way lest.

He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
Through those his Guards—Hah, Dastards, do you tremble!

Jub. What do I fee? Who's this that dares usurp
The Guards and Habit of Numidia's Prince?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth!

Jub. What can this mean? Sempronius!
Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.
Jub.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous Man. [Semp. falls. His Guards furrender.

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom'd to fall By a Boy's Hand disfigur'd in a vile

Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman?

God's, I'm distracted! This my Close of Life!

O for a Peal of Thunder that wou'd make

Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble! [Dies.

Jub. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,

And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground!

Hence let us carry off those Slaves to Cato.

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.

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SCENE III.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. S URE 'twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart

Is fo cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs, with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound.
O Marcia, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake!
I die away with Horror at the Thought. (Murder!

Marc. See, Lucia, see; here's Blood! here's Blood and Hah! a Numidian! Heav'ns preserve the Prince:
The Face lies mussled up within the Garment,
But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,
And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's Heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy Affistance
Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of Mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater Trial.

Marc.

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es.

Marc. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my Patience.
Have not I cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort?

Marc. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
Behold a Sight, that strikes all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listning.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
That Man, that best of Men, deserved it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius. That best of Men? Oh had I fall'n like him, And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy?

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears, when I behold

A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd Breast.

This empty World, to me a joyles Desart,

Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack! Was he fo near her Heart?

Marc. O he was all made up of Love and Charms,

Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:

Delight of ev'ry Eye, when he appear'd,

A secret Pleasure gladned all that saw him;

But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd.

To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run Mad - 1 1881/ goine and word. Marc. O Juba! Juba! Juba! Juba! Juba!

WOLL

Jub. What means that Voice? did she not call on Juba?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!

He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding Heart,

Amidst its Agonies, remember'd Marcia,

And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel I

Alas, he knew not, haples Youth, he knew not

Marcia's

4.36

Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and Juba!

Jub. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed

What Marcia thinks! all is Elyfum round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modelty nor Virtue here forbid

A last Embrace, while thus

Jub. See, Marcia, see [Throwing himself before her. The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too

With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!

And coa'd have thee been mount

If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,

Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the haste of Love to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapp'd with Joy to see my Marcia's Tears.

Mare. I've been surprized in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back: The Love, that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Ecstafy! and dost thou Love, went of Thou charming Maid? - bald not likely!

Marc. And dost thou Live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preferving,

Such Life as Juba never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,

Amidit its Agonies, rement sakhiMestanuvaturi Tub. O fortunate Mahimatanuvaturi Amidit its Agonies, rement sakhi Mestanuvaturi in the contraction of the contraction

Marc. Olhappy Marcial bressured alread fiel ent bul

Jub. My Joy ! my best Beloved! my only Wish !

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How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

Marc. Lucia, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!—
The Vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead me to my Apartment.—
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour.
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

[Ex. Marc. and Luc.

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a Dream. Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all Thy past Unkindness, I absolve my Stars. What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd Towns And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph? Juba will never at his Fate repine; Let Casar have the World, if Marcia's mine.

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TExit.



SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato, and Lucius. how

Luc. I STAND aftonish'd! What, the bold Semprenius!

That still broke foremost through the Crow'd of Patriots

As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to Madness

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,

Our Civil Discords have produc'd such Crimes,
Such monstrous Crimes, I am surprized at nothing.

O Lucius, I am sick of this bad World!

The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes! what means this Haste? Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd.

I bring fuch News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has Cafar shed more Roman Blood?

Port. Not fo.

Enter

The Traytor Syphax, as within the Square
He exercised his Troops, the Signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian Horse
To the South-Gate, where Marcus holds the Watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him but in vain,
He tost his Arm alost, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious Men! but haste, my Son, and see
Thy Brother Marcus acts a Roman's Part. [Exit Portius.

Lucius, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is Casar's: Cato has no Business in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign, The World will still demand her Cato's Presence. In Pity to Mankind, Submit to Casar,

And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the Number Of Gasar's Slaves, or by a base Submission.

Give up the Cause of Rome, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.
Such Popular Humanity is Treason
But see young Juba! the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his persidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

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Lie Ura west water.

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear,
Before thy Presence, Cate.

Cato. What's thy Crime?

7ub. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too,

Thou haft a Roman Soul.

Jub. Haft thou not heard ? was men and O .sal

Of my false Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince, worked for a received bear

Falshood and Fraud shoot up in every Soil,

The Product of all Climes - Rome has its Cafars.

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd:

Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune, Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace.

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart O'erslows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain Thy Praise, O Cato, than Numidia's Empire.

Re-enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother Marcus

Cato. Hah! what has he done?

Has he forfook his Post? Has he giv'n Way?

Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers.
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds
Long, at the Head of his sew faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on Death,
Oppress with Multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato, I'm fatisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of Syphax. Yonder he lies. I faw the hoary Traytor

Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods, my Boy has done his Duty. Portius, when I am Dead, be fure thou place

Por. Long may they keep afunder!

Luc. O Cato, arm thy Soul with all its Patience; See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches! The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd, and A. and Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome, my Son! Here lay him down, my

Friends, Half and boost and popular your V vil Full in my Sight, that I may view at leifure The bloody Coarfe, and count those glorious Wounds.

---How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue! Who would not be that Youth? What Pity is it

That we can die but Once to ferve our Country!

-Why fits this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends? I shou'd have blush'd if Cato's House had stood Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

Portius, behold thy Brother, and remember Thy Life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this! [Afide.

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Cato. Alas, my Friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our Tears. The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire, The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods, That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth, And fet the Nations free, Rome is no more.

O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Jub. Behold that upright Man, Rome fills his Eyes

With

With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.

Afide.

Cato. Whate'er the Roman Virtue has subdu'd,
The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year, are Casar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabis sell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey sought for Casar. Oh my Friends!
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The Roman Empire sall'n! O curst Ambition!
Fall'n into Gasar's Hands! Our great Fore-sathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his Country.

Jub. While Cate lives, Cafar will blush to see Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. Cafar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia!

Luc. Cato, 'tis Time thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me. I'm out of Danger. Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.

Cajar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.

But Oh my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart

With anxious Thoughts: a thousand secret Terrors

Rife in my Soul: How shall I save my Friends!
"Tis now, O Casar, I begin to sear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know

Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

That I my self, with Tears, request it of him,

The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd,

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.

Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,

Or seek the Conqueror?

Jub. If I forfake thee and a workey and heat that the

Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!

Cata. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,

Will one Day make thee Great; at Rome, hereaster,

'Twill be no Crime to have been Cato's Friend.

D 2

Portius,

Portius, draw near? My Son! thou oft hast feen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpow'r'd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the Sabine Field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life,
There live retired, pray for the Peace of Rome,
Content thy self to be Obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Por. I hope, my Father does not recommend. A Life to Portius, that he fcorns himself.

Cato. Fasewel, my Friends; if there be any of you Who dare not trust the Victor's Clemency, Know there are Ships prepared by my Command, (Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.
Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you? The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel!
If e'er we meet hereaster, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead Son.
'There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know the Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

c, may licava abandon?

THE RESERVE

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato folus, fitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

T must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond
Desire,
This longing after Immortality?

Or whence this fecret Dread, and inward

Horror.

Of falling into Nought? Why fhrinks the Soul Back on her felf, and startles at Destruction? 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us; "Tis Heav'n it self, that points out an Hereaster, And intimates Eternity to Man. Eternity! thou pleafing, dreadful, Thought! Through what Variety of untry'd Being, Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass! The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me; But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it. Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us. (And that there is all Nature cries aloud Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue: And that which he delights in, must be happy. But when! or where!—This World was made for Cafar. I'm weary of Conjectures This must end 'em.

[Laying bis Hand on bis Sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd: My Death and Life, My Bane and Antidote are both before me: This in a Moment brings me to an End; But This informs me I shall never die. The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles At the drawn Dagger, and desies its Point.

The

The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years, But thou shalt slourish in immortal Youth, Unhurt amidst the War of Elements, The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me? This Bethargy that creeps through all my Senses? Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care, Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her. That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight, Renew'd in all her Strength, and Fresh with Life, An Off'ring sit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear Disturb Man's Rest: Cato knows neither of 'em, Indist'rent in his Choice to sleep or die.



SCENE II.

Cato, Portius.

Cato. BUT hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?

Were not my Orders that I would be private? Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my Father!

What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death? Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Por. O let the Pray'rs, th' Intreaties of your Friends, Their Tears, their common Danger wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dft thou betray me? Wou'dft thou give me up

A Slave, a Captive, into Cæsar's Hands?

Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,

Or know, young Man!-

Por. Look not thus sternly on me; You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm Master of my self.

Now, Cafar, let thy Troops beset our Gates,

AL

And bar each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
O'erspread the Sea and stop up ev'ry Port;
Cato shall open to himself a Passage,
And mock Thy Hopes

Por. O Sir, forgive your Son,
Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
How am I sure it is not the last Time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing bim.

Weep not, my Son. All will be well again,
The righteous Gods, whom I have fought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his Children.

Por. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'ft rely upon my Conduct,

Thy Father will not act what mifbecomes him.

But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting,

Among thy Father's Friends; see them embark'd;

And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.

My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks

The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep.

[Exit.

Por. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

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SCENE III.

Portius and Marcia.

Por. O Marcia, O my Sister, still there's Hope!

Our Father will not cast away a Life

So needful to us all, and to his Country.

He is retir'd to Rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts sull of Peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With Orders, that bespeak a Mind compos'd,
And studious for the Sasety of his Friends.

Marcia,

Marcia, take care that none diffurb his Slumbers. [Exit. Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just, Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose, Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul With easy Dreams; remember all his Virtues! And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.



SCENE IV.

Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. W HERE is your Father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to reft.

Lucia, I feel a gently dawning Hope

Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cate,

In every View, in every Thought I tremble!

Cato is sternicand awful as a God.

He knows not how to wink at human Frailty,

Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of Rome,
He is all Goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his Friends,
Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Confent alone can make us bles'd.

Marcia, we both are equally involved. In the fame intricate, perplexed, Diffress. The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroyed. Thy Brother Marcus, whom we both lament.

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has fet my Soul at large, and now I stand

Loose of my Vow. But who knows Cato's Thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,

Or how he has determin'd of thy self?

Marc.

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man O Marcia, I have feen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar thou can'st not hurt me.
Mar. His Mind still labours with some dreadful Thought.
Luc. Lucia, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow?
Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While Cate lives—His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes, Who new encamp within a short Hour's March. On the high Point of you bright Western Tower We ken them from afar, the sitting Sun Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets, And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy Father. Casar is still disposed to give us Terms,
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from Cass.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
What Tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Por. As I was hafting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arriv'd
From Pompey's Son, who through the Realms of Spain
Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouses the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were Cato at their Head, once more might Roms
Affert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.

But

But hark! What means that Grone! O give me way, And let me fly into my Father's Presence.

Luc. Cate, amidst his Slumbers thinks on Rome, And in the wild Diforder of his Soul

Mourns o'er his Country; Hah! a fecond Grone! Heav'n Guard us all in the day of aread but A

Marc. Alas 'tis not the Voice seld anime for baid A Of one who fleeps, 'tis agonizing Pain, 'Tis Death is in that Sound

am ittel fon fl'an Re-emer Portius, vo bas , b'limi al I

Por. O Sight of Woe ! versodal Ish bail/ail O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass! Cate is fall'n upon his Sword - Will Tyds qu yn C. While Care lives - His Prefence winntron Oresul.

Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale, And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up, an dignort reduct of I

And plac'd him in his Chair, where pale, and faint, He gasps for Breath, and, as his Life flows from him, Demands to fee his Friends. His weeping Servants, Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither. in no available

[The Back Scene opens, and discovers Cato. Marc. O Heav'n affift me in this dreadful Hour To pay the last fad Duties to my Father.

Jub. These are thy Triumphs; thy Exploits, O Cafar!

Luc. Now is Rome fall a indeed!

sonsmognille [Cato brought forward in bis Chair.

Cato. Here fet me down - of hob senial T and W Portius, come near me are my Friends embark'd? Can any thing be thought of for their Service? Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

- O Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good-Let this our Friendship live between our Children, Make Portius happy in thy Daughter Lucia.

Alas poor Man, he weeps !-- Marcia, my Daughter-O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A Senator of Rome, while Rome survived, Would

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But Cafar's Arms have thrown down all Distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a Roman——I'm siek to Death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain World, th'Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!—
—And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts
If I have done amiss, impute it not——!
The best may Err, but you are Good and—oh! [Dies.
Luc. There shed the greatest Soul that ever warm'd

A Roman Breast; O Cato! O my Friend!

Thy Will shall be religiously observed.

But let us bear this awful Corps to Casar

And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand

A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let sierce contending Nations know What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow. 'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms, And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms, Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife, And robs the Guilty World of Cato's Life. [Ex. omnes.

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EPILOGUE. By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo?

But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!

Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;

To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.

Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;

Too oft they're cancell'd, the in Convents made. Wou'd

Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may:

Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,

We hate you when you're easily said Nay,

How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?

Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.

Our Hearts are form'd as you your selves wou'd chuse,

Too proud to ask, too humble to resuse:

We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;

He sighs with most Success that settles well.

The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix:

Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, fince we but purfue Those lively Leffons we have learn'd from you: Your Breafts no more the Fire of Beauty warms, But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms; What Pains to get the gaudy things you hate, To fwell in Show, and be a Wretch in State! At Plays you Ogle, at the Ring you Bow, Ew'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now: There, Golden Idols all your Vows receive, She is no Goddess that has nought to give. Oh, may once more the happy Age appear, When Words were artlefs, and the Thoughts fincere; When Gold and Grandeur were unenwy'd shings, And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs. Love then Shall only mourn when Truth complains, And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains. Sight with Success their own foft Auguish tell, And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal. Virtue again to its bright Station Climb, And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time, The Fair Shall liften to Defert alone, And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's Son.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

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